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THE HISTORY OF JACK of NEWBURY, CALLED, The CLOTHIER Of *ENGLAND*.

Printed and Sold in London.

THE HISTORY OF JACK of NEWBURY.

IN the reign of King Henry VIII. one John Winchcomb was apprentice to a rich clothier in the town of Newbury in Berkshire; a handsome and clever youth; when his master died, and left his mistress a widow, who seeing John to be a careful servant, put him in great trust in her house, which he very carefully performed.

His mistress soon had many suitors, but could not fancy any; for her man John had stolen away heart heart.

The parson of Speenham-land was one of her amourous suitors, and often solicited her to be wife; but could not obtain her love, because he was a clergyman, too much, she thought, devoted to his study.

A rich tanner was her second wooer, but he could not speed, though he was rich, yet he was too old for her young and lusty desires.

A taylor was the third, who was almost confident of her love, but was mistaken; for John was the man who had so wounded her heart, that she could love no other man.

She seeing the backwardness of her man John after many occasions offered him to woo her, came at last, and told him plainly that we loved him dearly, which secret she desired him not to impart unto any one; but he modestly blushing with a rosy colour in his cheeks, not knowing how to express himself according to his own wishes, being much amazed thereat, answered, Sweet mistress, it is a charge, the charge whereof, methinks, I fear to undertake. At which answer she was something discouraged in her suit for the present, and kissing him, she broke off the discourse for that time. And night approaching, she went to bed, but had very small rest, either slumbering at the

beſt, or dreaming of her handſome man John; fetching many deep ſighs in the dark and loneſome nights, thinking it very long before morning came, rejoicing to ſee the light appear, that ſhe might embrace her dear ſervant, or rather her maſter John.

She going to ſee Barthlomew Fair, as women are uſed more to ſee and be ſeen, took her man John with her, who while

ſhe was talking with a friend, ſhe ſaw him ſaluting a handſome girl; which made her own mouth water. So biting her lips ſhe left diſcourſing with her neighbour, and went to John, to prevent his having any more familiarity with the maid.

Afterwards she met the taylor her old sweetheart, as neat as could be, in the fair, who desiring her to accept of a glass of wine with him, was denied again and again; but by importunity she was persuaded. And he espying the tanner, called him in to help bear the charges, not imagining he was a suitor to the same widow. And both of them espying the parson, called him in, expecting to make him their solicitor. So they were all merrily drawn into Cupid's paradise. But when each had discovered their intentions to the other, they were all exceedingly perplexed, not knowing how this division might have ended. At last it was desired of her to declare which of them she liked best; and she answered, That she loved them all alike, and thanked them for their charges.

Then, quoth the parson, can you find in your heart to marry me?

No, quoth she, it is your office to marry, not mine.

Then, quoth the Tanner, will you make me your husband? Truly, neighbour, said she, methinks you might bet-

ter be my father: you are one of too great years to marry ſuch a young and b iſk widow as I am.

Then, quoth the Taylor, widow it is me that muſt enjoy you; ſhall y u and I be married? Yes, I hope ſo, quoth the widow, when we and our ſweethearts are agreed.

After this ſhe deſired to take her leave of them, t anking them for the coſts th y had been at for her, and then roſe up to go away; but they deſired a full anſwer from her, that they n ight be better ſatisfied in their requeſts Accordingly ſhe promiſed to give them full ſatisfaction the n xt Thurſday. At which time they all attended, and then ſhe told them plain-

ly, That ſhe would marry none of them, for ſhe had one nearer home, whom ſhe loved to that degree, that ſhe would not think of marrying any other man. So they all went away ſad and diſcontented.

Night approaching ſhe talked privately with her man John, wooing him to wed her, which he ſtill through baſhfulneſs, refuſed; and when night drew on, ſhe

cauſed an extraordinary bed to be made up for her man John to lie in, which bed was only for ſtrangers to lie in, or for her husband when he was not well; and ſhe herſelf lay in the next chamber.

When ſhe had lain in bed an hour or two, ſhe thought ſhe had lain alone long enough. So ſhe aroſe and went to

her man John, ſhivering and ſhaking, and lifting up the bed cloaths he ſtarted. Who is there? quoth he. It is I, my ſweet John, ſaid ſhe, it is an exceeding cold night, and I lying alone am almoſt ſtarved in my bed; good John afford me the favour of one night's lodging by thy ſide, my John, I pray thee. Alas! my poor miſtreſs, quoth he, come lie cloſe, Yea, yea, quoth ſhe. O ſweet, loving, and dear John. Here it will be proper to leave them till morning.

She got up early in the morning, and calling for her man John to go out with her, ſhe took him to the church of St. Bartholomew, and called for the prieſt of the pariſh, and with him perſuaded John that they might then be married together: which, with ſome ſmall intreaty, he conſented to; and ſo they went home, and going to dinner, ſhe made him ſit in her old huſband's chair, at which the fellow ſervants began to ſmile at each other, as gueſſing at the reaſon. But before dinner was over ſhe took him round the neck and kiſſed him, ſaying, That he

was her husband, and ordered them to shew him the respect due unto a master.

He also spoke lovingly to them, and told them that he would not forget that he had once been their fellow servant; but would deserve their respects to the utmost of his endeavours. The remainder of the day was spent in love toys, except some little time in overlooking the journeymen.

The next morning the new married bride was visited by divers gossips of her acquaintance, who each of them spent their verdict what the event of this her hasty marriage would be; which exceedingly discouraged her; however, at last she said, I will take care and order that I

will so cub him at first, that I will make sure he shall never crow over me in the least, I warrant you.

And indeed she began to grow as great a gossip as any of Newbury, and would sometimes come home very late at night, insomuch that once her husband John went up to bed and locked her out, and took the key up into his chamber. And when the good wife found she was locked out, she knocked very hard, till at last her husband looked out of the window, and told her to look out her lodging that night at the place she had been sitting all day. Such gossips, quoth he, as you, the cage is the fittest lodging for. Go directly to the constable, and he speak you a bed of him.

Oh! dear husband, quoth she, be not so angry; I pray you give me leave to come to my bed, good sweet husband, I pray you let me not stand thus long in the cold, lest I lose my life thereby. After many fine words, wherein she entreated her husband to come down and open the door; he came down to her, let her

in; to whom she very dissemblingly pretended to have lost her wedding ring off her finger. He lovingly going forth, with his candle in his hand, in his shirt, looked up and down upon the ground for it; and she in the mean time stepped in, and clapped too the door, and shut him out, whereat he was much perplexed, and he stood knocking a long time in the cold before she would answer, who, at the opening of the window, bid him go look for a lodging with the Constable's wife, and asked him, whether he thought it good to lie in the cold street? Now, quoth he, she who was even now at your mercy, hath got en you at her's. O sweet wife, said he, be not angry, but let me come in, I swear unto you, That I never will shut you out of doors again; but you shall do what you will; and I will never meddle and make with you hereafter.—Upon which she came down and opened the door, and let him in, and then they made great protestations to each other, never to affront or to fall out with each other any more for the future; and so

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with a good ſack poſſet the covenant was agreed on between them.

Shortly after the King had occaſion to raiſe an army againſt the Scots, who were riſen againſt the Engliſh, and Jack of Newbury raiſed at his own expence one hundred and fifty men, and cloathed them with white coats, red caps, and yellow feathers, and led them himſelf. Fifty of them were valiant horſemen, fifty pikemen, and fifty muſqueteers; all brave ſteeds, good arms, and valiant men; who marching before the Queen, ſhe called for him, and underſtanding what he was, ſhe put forth her hand for him to kiſs, and promiſed to acquaint the King of his free and great ſervices.

A SONG.

A SONG,

USED BY

JACK of NEWBURY and his SOLDIERS.

KING Jemmy of Scots had rais'd
An army against England,
But let him come we'll thunder him back,
He cannot us withstand.

Jack of Newbury comes, proud Scots take heed,
With valiant soldiers stout,
Who for brave England will fight with you,
And never will give out.

Our milk white coats, red caps,
And yellow feathers declare,
Our resolutions stout and good,
The Scots we will not spare.

Shortly after, John of Newbury heard that the King was to ride to Newbury; ſo he and his ſervants went out into the open fields, and finding a hill of piſmires, he drew his ſword and guarded it.—The King coming by, ſent for him to know the reaſon why he guarded that place with his ſword drawn? the King in perſon being to paſs by there. He immediately returned for anſwer, That he was buſy, and could not ſpeak with him, and as the King is on horſeback and I am on foot, he may the better come to me: Tell the King that I ſtand here to guard theſe labor ous ants from their enemies. —Which meſſage being carried to the King, he went to Jack of Newbury, expecting that it was done to make ſome jeſt for his pleaſure; and when the King came, Jack with all his men fell upon their knees, and cried, God ſave the King; for your ſacred Majeſty, quoth Jack of Newbury, hath vanquiſhed all your enemies. Now truſt me, quoth the King, you are ſtout ſoldiers to fight a-

gainſt butterflies, and ſo manfully to withſtand ſuch mighty giants.

My dread Sovereign, quoth Jack of Newbury, not long ago in my conceit, I ſaw the moſt provident nation of ants ſummon their chief peer to parliament, which was held in the famous city of Driduſtle, the 21ſt of December laſt, whereat by their wiſdom, I was choſen King. At which time alſo many bills of complaint were brought in againſt a great many members in the Common Wealth, amongſt whom the Mule was arraigned of High Treaſon againſt the State, and therefore he was baniſhed for ever from that antient kingdom. So were alſo the Graſshopper and the Caterpillar, becauſe they were not only idle themſelves, but alſo lived upon the labor of others. —Amongſt the reſt the Butterfly was much diſliked, but few durſt ſay any thing to him, becauſe of his golden apparel who, though himſelf upon ſuffe ence, grew ſo very ambi ious and malepert, that the poor Ant could no ſooner get an egg into her neſt, but he would

have it away, eſpecially againſt Eaſter; which at length much offended them all. This painted aſs took ſnuff in the noſe, and aſſembled a great many of his own coat, but went to war to root theſe painful people out of the land, that he might himſelf be above them. Theſe were proud butterflies, indeed, ſaid our noble King.

Whereupon I, with my men, quoth Jack, prepared ourſelves to withſtand them, until ſuch time as your Majeſty's royal preſence put them to flight.

The Song that JACK ſung with his Men before the King.

I Have now taken upon me a charge,
To govern theſe poor ants,
That they walk at large,
And gather in their wants.

That they may walk more ſafe,
To bring home their relief,
And keep that which they have
From every idle thief.

But now my King is here,
I bow down on my knee,
For we that vaunted here,
Are ſubjects unto thee.

God bleſs thee, royal King,
And ſend thee long to reign,
And joy in every thing,
And freedom from all pain.

I, and my men, and mine,
My ants, and all we have,
Command us, we are thine,
And ſo the King God ſave.

Now to return again to Jack and his wife. It happened that ſhe fell ſick and died; and ſoon after her burial Jack fell in love with one of his maids, and ſent for her father to know what he would give with his daughter. He came to Newbury, and ſeeing the great wealth of his daughter's ſweetheart and maſter, he was exceedingly aſtoniſhed, for Jack had

In one room two hundred looms all going.

Two hundred boys winding quills.

An hundred women carding.

In another room two hundred maids ſpinning.

One hundred and fifty boys picking of wool.

Fifty ſhearmen.

Eight toers.

Forty dyers in the dye houſe.

Twenty men in a fulling mill.

In his own hall he kept a butcher, a baker, a brewer, five cooks, and ſix ſcullion boys.

He ſpent every week five fat oxen in his houſe, beſides butter, cheeſe, fiſh, &c.

Zir, quoth the old man, I wize you be abominable rich, and cham content you ſhould have my daughter, and God's bleſſing and mine light on you both. I waith cham of good exclamaſhon amongſt all my neighbours, and they will as zoon aſk my wize for any thing as rich men. Zo thick I will agree----You ſhall have her with a

very good will, becauſe we hear a very good commendation of you in every place, therefore, bſides thick, I will give twenty marks and a weaning calf that's a year old, and when I and my wife die, then you ſhall have the revolution of our goods.

But Jack made more reckoning of his wife's modeſty and virtue than the father's proffers; ſo he married her, and

made a ſumptuous wedding; and inſtead of accepting the old man's twenty marks he gave him twenty pounds in money beſides other gifts.

Oh! my good ſon, ſaid the old man God's bleſſing be with you for evermore for to tell you the truth we have zold all our kine to make up the money for our dear daughter's marriage, and theſe zeven years we ſhould not have been able to buy any more. Notwithſtanding we ſhould have zold all that ever we had before my poor wench ſhould have loſt her marriage; nay, I ſhould have zold my coat from my back, and the bed from under me, before my daughter ſhould have gone without you.—I thank you good father and mother, ſaid the bride and God keep you in good health. Then the bride kneeled down and did her duty and her father and mother wept for joy, and ſo departed.

Now there was one Randal Pert, a draper, dwelling in Watling ſtreet, who owed to Jack of Newbury five hundred pounds; and it happened that Jack came

to London, and as he was going to his customers, he met in the ſtreet this poor Randal Pert in a frock, carrying a porter's baſket, with ſcarce a coat, waiſtcoat, or breches, or hat on, a rope round his middle, and was juſt then come out of priſon.

His wife, who before for daintineſs would not foul her fingers, nor turn her head aſide for fear of rumpling her neckinger; yet ſhe was now glad to waſh cloaths at the Thames ſide, and to be a chair woman. Her ſoft hand was hardened with ſcowering, and inſtead of gold rings on her white fingers, her hands and fingers were now filled with chaps.

But when her huſband eſpied Jack of Newbury, his creditor, he ran away as faſt as he could, for fear of being again arreſted. But Jack ſent his man after him, and he ſeeing one purſue him ran the faſter, and in running he left one of his old ſlippers here and another there, ever looking behind him with great fear. At laſt, his breeches being tied with one point, what with the haſte he made, and the oldneſs thereof, they broke, and fell about his heels

and ſo fetter'd him, that he fell down
long in the ſtreet, with his backſide bar
and an old ragged ſhirt, and lay ſweatin
and blowing, quite ſpent and out of breat
The fellow came to him and brought hi
to his maſter, who took him to a ſcrive
nor, to give him a bond for the payme
of the money; and the time for payme
was fixed to be when the ſaid Pert w
Sheriff of London, and was witneſſed b
more than twenty perſons that ſtood b

Then Jack of Newbury ſent for a ne
ſuit of apparel for him out of Birching
Lane, and a new ſhirt and band, hat, hoſ
ſhoes, and all things neceſſary for a mer
chant. Then he took for him a ſhop i
Canwick-ſtreet, and furniſhed it with
thouſand pounds worth of good cloth; b
which means, and other favours he di
him, he grew in good credit again, an
was very provident; and his wife grew
one of the beſt houſewives in the pariſh
and he ſoon got good cuſtom.

He increaſed much in a ſtore, and in
ſhort time became of much repute in th
pariſh, and well reſpected, that he wa

choſen ſheriff of Lond n; when he paid the five hundred pounds, all his debts, kept a brave houſe when he was ſheriff. and afterwards being an Alderman of London, died before he came to be Lord Mayor, and left his wife very rich.

Jack of Newbury, otherwiſe called Mr. John Winchcomb, being grown old, he fell ſick, and in a few days died, and his wife buried him in great pomp. He left his wife a great eſtate, and many legacies to friends and poor people. And the greateſt part of all the country people thereabouts came to ſee the old man laid in the grave, where we will leave him with this epitaph:

His EPITAPH.

OF Newbury here lies valiant Jack,
Shrouded in white, come to his en
By death that now has broke his back,
Who to his country was a friend.

An aid to thoſe who labour lov'd,
An aid to the poor, blind, and lame,
Men, women, children, all have prov'd
The ſuccour ſweet that from him cam

Winchcomb adieu, God hath thy ſoul,
Thy body lies entomb'd in earth,
Thy works brave hiſtories do enrol,
Thy life the ſame, e'en from thy bir

FINIS.